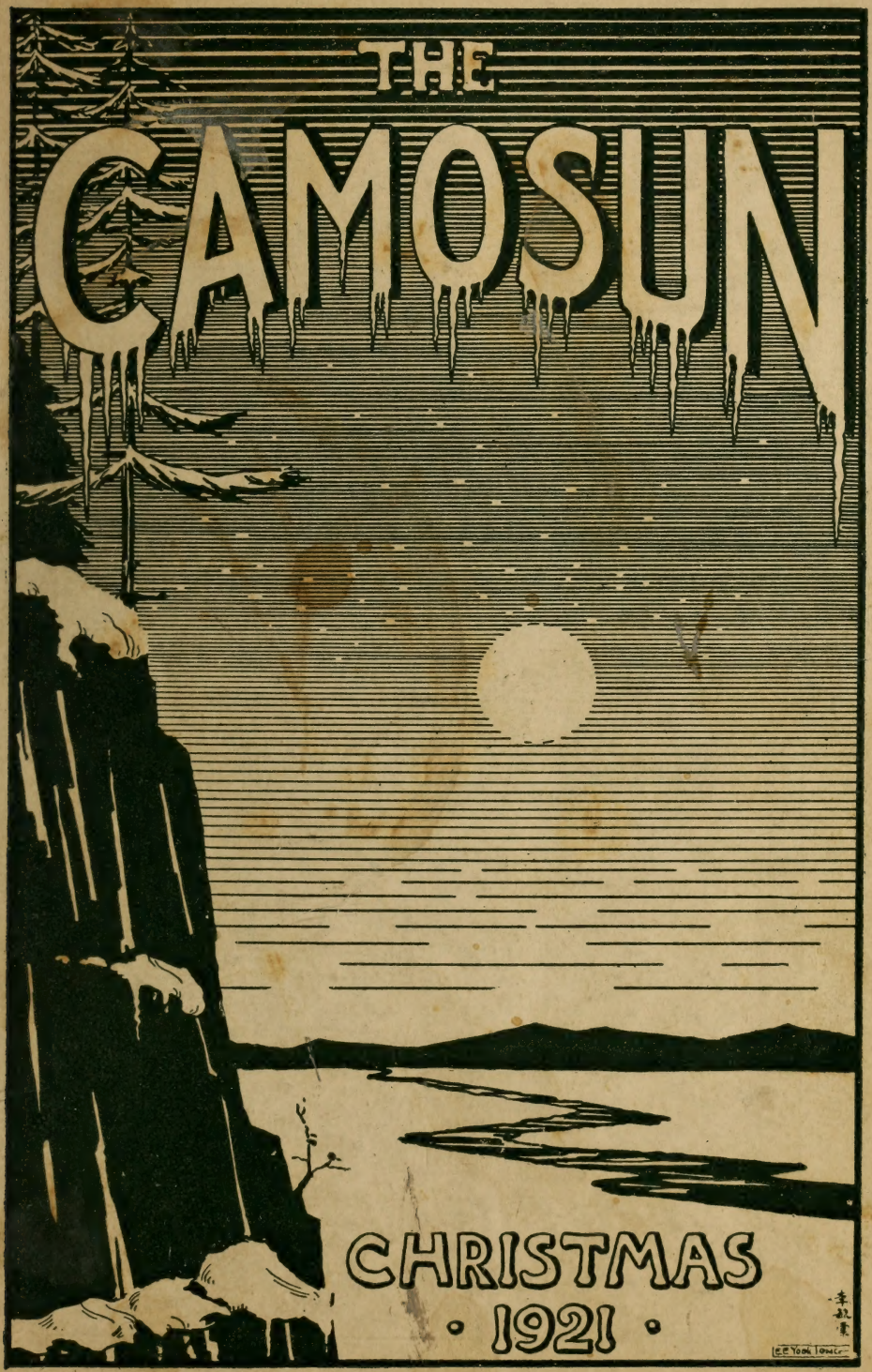
George Turner



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The CAMOSUN

Volume XIV. DECEMBER, 1921 Number 1

Published Monthly by Students of Victoria High School, Victoria, B.C.

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All communications should be addressed care of Business Manager, Victoria High School. The Board will pay no attention to anonymous letters.

Advertisers are asked to leave copy at Diggon's, 1210 Government St.

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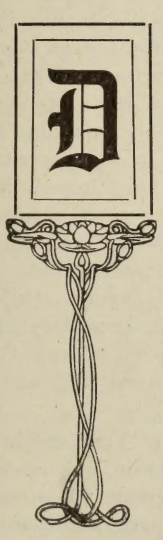
Compliments
of the Season
to all our Readers

Foreword



URING THE PERIOD preceding the Armistice, the uppermost thought in our minds was an intense longing for peace, that the horrors of War, which so rudely and cruelly touched nearly every home throughout our own great empire, as well as those of our allies and enemies,, might cease. With almost dramatic suddenness our wish was gratified. But while we realized that many great problems would confront us after so great a world convulsion, few had any conception of the tasks that were to be laid upon us in the succeeding period of re-adjustment. Slowly but surely we are gaining a deeper consciousness of the futility of one group or nation, attempting to live unto itself, and the absolute necessity of getting together. The conference now assembled at Washington out of which so much may come, and we hope will come, is made possible only through the existence of this spirit of co-operation. As a school, we need to inject something of this same spirit into our life, for without it we shall fail to fulfil our highest resolves, and with a generous measure of it we shall overcome all difficulties, gain happiness, and mount to heights of which we had not even dreamed. Those students, who, in the Great War made the supreme sacrifice for their country, have pointed out the way to us. We, too, may serve though in a different way, for it is within the reach of all to make a real contribution to the life of our school. Let each one of us, therefore, regardless of the group with which he is most intimately associated, search his own soul to discover the best means not of gratifying some purely selfish end, but of rendering to the whole student body a service that will abide forever.

HERBERT H. SMITH.

"PEACE ON EARTH"

MICHAEL Dugan was more than contented with life, he loved it, as he pushed open the station door and lazily strolled along the crowded street, teeming with excited, last-minute Christmas shoppers. This Christmas would be his sixteenth in the force and during that time he had established for himself an enviable reputation for reliability, expertness and good-fortune. That very day the mayor had summoned and congratulated him for the apprehension of a notorious criminal. Moreover, his worship, never forgetting the value of newspaper publicity, had, in the presence of reporters, loquaciously lingered over the fact that he, Michael Dugan, the most esteemed of all city detectives, was a perfect scourge to the local evil-doers, an example of manly honesty and an employee to whom the community might point with pardonable pride. Then followed the presentation of a handsome figured cheque, while the reporters scribbled away as if they were angelic recorders of the admirable qualities and faithful-unto-death services of our friend, Mr. Michael Dugan. Truly, Michael may be pardoned if he indulged in the venial sin of exhilirating self-conceit.

Walking among the crowds, he made his New Year resolutions. The first of these was his determination to "rope in," as he would have it, light-fingered Sam Rosenberg, a gentleman whom rumor credited a participant in the latest bank messenger robbery. His rival, Inspector Wilson, had failed, but Wilson was an old dodderhead anyway, besides he hadn't a nickel's worth of tenacity or Celtic intuition. Michael Dugan had heard that Rosenberg, a stranger, was boasting his intention of making him look foolish, and this, more than anything else, put the slanderer in a perilous position of being entombed for a period of seven or eight years—Dugan usually got his man.

As he mused thus and while his imagination playfully shackled, imprisoned, and even hanged, the troublesome Mr. Rosenberg, he was almost thrown off the curb by an intoxicated laborer who lurched heavily against him. He could have arrested the fellow if he wished—yet he overlooked the chance. Small fry compared to Sam Rosenberg! Besides, this was Christmas, and one slight act of leniency would not be amiss in the season of good-will.

An unusually brilliant window display attracted him; it was lined with thick, rich pelts. He guessed Mary would be surprised if he gave her a set of moleskins. Well, he'd buy them—then the kids—skates, perhaps. He chuckled as he felt for his wallet. Strange it wasn't in his breast pocket. He hurried through them all. The wallet was gone! He remembered now—the sham drunkard! The thief had swayed against him!

Angrily cursing, he sought the nearest telephone booth. Nothing could be done other than report his loss to headquarters. The banks

would be warned, the thief could do nothing with a cheque, the fool would be frightened—the name Michael Dugan was on it.

At any rate, his watch was safe. He would rather lose his position on the force than his watch. Not that he esteemed it for its value. It was, he knew, an exceedingly expensive affair, and had been given to him years ago by the state government as a mark of its appreciation for safe-guarding the life of an unpopular labor investigator.

He dodged into a crowded, smoke-filled room. He knew that a public telephone had been there installed. From a distance he saw that the booth was occupied by one who seemed to be writing on a small pad such as are placed in every service station for the convenience of the company's patrons. Well, he would wait, on second thought the risk through delay was very slim—but that fellow took a mighty long time to jot down a phone message.

At last the door opened, Michael Dugan hurried towards it. He stopped with a surprised grunt, the leaving occupant was his quarry. Surely, luck favors the Irish! Better still, his man hadn't noticed him—he couldn't escape.

Michael, with all his stealthiness, approached.

His angry face put an end to the smile that was puckering the lips of the culprit; the smile of smug satisfaction, no doubt. Dugan's thick, muscular arms clutched a puny, weak one above and below the elbow—an old Russian manhandling trick, and, accompanying his voice with a wrench of agonizing torture, he demanded the return of his pocketbook.

"Phwat! Yer pocketbook? Ah, sure an' 'tis yerself that's askin'," said his captive without the least grimace of pain. Michael Dugan almost released his hold in astonishment; the fellow had a brogue as rich and throaty as that once used by his dead father, old Peter Dugan.

"Oi moight as well give it yez—take it mister, and welcome. Oi'm sorry. Oi wouldn't steal from wan wid the name of Dugan. Oi'm a Dugan meself, from County Lough," he concluded.

At this, the soft-hearted Michael in all his generosity, let go the sorely twisted arm.

"So you're a Dugan? How long have you been over here? Why did you become a thief?" he asked, his anger completely lulled by the homeland accents.

Then began as pitiful a hard luck tale as ever told by man. It seemed the brothers Dugan, ardent Sinn Feiners, were bakers in the city of Lough. Both journeyed to Dublin to participate in the rebellion of 1916. There Brian, the elder, was killed. The other, more fortunate, evaded capture, returned to Lough, and carried on the business as usual as well as the side line of gunning for the constabulary. He soon discovered himself to be a marked man, and, fearing the life of the detention camp, left with little preparation for the hated England. There he was joined by his family, and

securing passports, the Dugans, both great and small, sailed for the Irishman's promised land, America. Arriving with the first cold blast of winter, the family met with a series of misfortunes; funds were low, shelter was unavailable except for the use of half a room in a tenement house; the price of food and fuel was prohibitive, and, work seemed to be as scarce as golden cobble stones. Consequently, the father joined the ranks of the unemployed. Being a man, an Irishman, he couldn't bear to see his little children sucking their thumbs in place of bread. Consequently, he had forgotten that he was a man, an Irishman, and stooped from the path to satisfy the wants of his innocents—Father Tim said a man must protect his family before himself. Consequently, he had done no wrong. Besides, it was Christmas; children expected things at Christmas.

This and torrents more were poured over the head of Michael Dugan and allowed to sink in to every sympathy-breathing pore. Now, he, himself, was only an Irishman, and like all other Irishmen the wide world over, he became wonderfully womanish when affronted with mishap and a brogue. He pondered—this poor devil was an exile, a patriot, the father of starving children. He had, despite all handicaps and all temptations, remained an honest fellow, an upholder of the Irish ideals, until the spirit of Christmas had broken him on its wheel, had branded him a thief. Aye, and the spirit of Christmas would break Michael Dugan, would make him swerve from his ironclad responsibility to the people whom he protected, make him break his record of unsullied labors. The wretch should go free for this, and the force go hang. There was a greater Master to serve than a blue-pantalooned, pen-pushing desk rergeant. Michael sought for his pocketbook, and from under the cheque brought to light a few bills, twenty-seven dollars in all. He thrust them into the hands of his late prisoner with, "Here, take this—for the kiddies; get a turkey, or something. Goodnight old man. Merry Christmas!" He left the place in a hurry; men's thanks embarrassed him.

This was Christmas! He had never felt so virtuous in all his life. Funny thing now! Helping the under-dog made a chap feel more decent than all the unexpected cheques, all the thanks of a friendly mayor, or all the newspaper write-ups in the world. He'd tell Father Tim about this. At present he'd better hurry and purchase his gifts. The stores would soon be closing and tomorrow was Chritmas.

He judged the time as half past eight, but for certainty he looked at his watch. Rather, he tried to look at it—it was gone! However, he hadn't been robbed—exchange is no robbery—for in its place he found a neatly-folded sheet of white paper, the kind used in telephone booths. Expanding it, he read:

"I hate cheques, but love watches—especially your watch. I forgot it the first time. If all Irishmen were like me they would speak with their hands. Chase me, Mike— "SAM ROSENBERG.'

DESTRUCTIVE, unnecessary criticism is the most despicable of all mean, trifling semi-vices. Both fault and stupidity, it willingly lends itself to those who clothe their ignorance with mouthy self-conceit. The loud-voiced cynic is a poor character for any high school pupil to imitate, and besides ,its adoption leads to no advantage. You would do well to bear in mind that this, your magazine, an imperfect shadow of proper journalism, is managed, written and edited by students of your own calibre and limitations—not by budding Addisons and Northcliffes.

A school magazine could not be a school magazine any more than a postcard could be a moving picture, if it weren't fortunate enough to claim broad-minded readers in excess of smug, loose-tongued critics. Be lenient!

In all fairness to you, we, the staff of The Camosun, readily admit that this poor publication is full of errors and open to innumerable advancements; in return, we expect that you, in all fairness to us, will gloss over our fallacies and pardon our indiscretions. If we may speak crudely, yet forcibly—boost, don't knock.

* * * * *

It is rather late in the season to welcome our principal, Mr. Smith, but still, for the form of the thing, we'll do it—

Welcome, Mr. Smith! May you find your new associations more pleasant than our faces; your new staff more diligent than ourselves; and your new duties lighter than our home-work. May you enjoy the best of health and, more fortunate than we, be immune from such devasting perils as brain fever, nervous disorders, hysterics and mumps. May certain teachers discard their present narrow-minded, monastical prejudices against athletics and, through fear of disfavor, hypocritically re-animate themselves ranting, leather-lunged rooters.

May the grounds be completed, and a real rugby field installed. May the Thompson Cup be wrested from its Mainland captors and

may we gloatingly present it to you—the symbol of all covetous dreams. May it lie cobwebbed and dust-covered, on some honored shelf year after year, and give you occasion to say, "It came when I came, it stayed while I stayed; nor shall it be disturbed." May, and we never had a sincerer wish, Mr. Smith—may you be favorably discussed over the family tea cups; warmly received at all Parent-Teacher Association assemblies; prove indispensable to the School Board; and, above all, be admired by us—and you will, Mr. Smith, we all like you!

* * * * *

We must thank Lenore Scott for obtaining several advertisements for The Camosun. Tell us not in mournful numbers school spirit is dead when a pupil, absolutely unsolicited by us, volunteers her services and interviews merchants on our behalf. What a paper and what a school we would have if you were only like her!

* * * * *

The news of the death of Charles McQueen on October 28, came as a great shock to members of the school. There are still many students in attendance here who remember him as a conscientious and clever student, a thoroughly good friend, and a helpful and wise companion. His efforts on behalf of the Agricultural Club and his indomitable courage in facing the problems connected with the early history of this organization should perpetuate a grateful memory of him. His apparently untimely cutting off has caused many to mourn, and yet his lofe, so full of courage and high endeavors, will prove an inspiration to all who knew him.

* * * * *

You may credit The Camosun for its attractive cover—nothing else. This original design, free from all unhealthy Santa Claus's and phony-looking reindeers, reveals the sound ability and artistic taste of Lee Tong, our art and cartoon editor. If all the literary board were endowed with his force, ardor and pleasantness when affronted with a disheartening pile of unappreciated work, The Camosun would be a world-read daily of such significance that its slightest footnote sentiment should dethrone kings, throw into tumult whole nations and prevent or cause devastating wars. Let the world be thankful then that there is only one twinkling star in all our trivial firmament.

We have an irritating presentiment, despite abnormal jealousy, that, after the elapse of a reasonable number of years, the name Lee Tong and all it represents will fill page after page of Third Reader text, historical romance and school girl slush, while the name————but enough!

Among the material received by The Camosun for this, its first number of the term 1921-22, the essays of the Misses Goss, Meads, Spurn and Clifford Pitman, all Prelims, might be mentioned. Their attempts ranked favorably with the work of elder, more experienced writers, and it is due only to the shortage of space that none appear. If they only realize how acceptable such compositions are, we shall again be the grateful receivers of their indications of support and kindness. The short story by McIntyre, Science Matric, is also worthy of comment. Rightfully, it should have been printed. Let us again blame the shortage of space for its absence.

* * * * *

The Camosun, voicing the sympathy of the entire student body, sincerely offers its deepest feelings of compassion to Mr. and Mrs. Cornett for their deprivation, the loss of an only son.

* * * * *

To Harry Cross and Don Heyland, former bench warmers of this institution, who are now confined in a local hospital, we wish the compliments of the season and a prosperous—or, better still—a healthy New Year.

* * * * *

In the retirement of Miss Henry from the teaching staff of the Victoria High School last June, an association of very long duration was broken, her fellow teachers lost a loyal and resourceful companion; the students, particularly the girls, a constant source of help and inspiration. Those who have been longest connected with the school have many and grateful memories of her—of the part she played from the time when the institution was a small one until the present in its social life, of her untiring efforts for the Red Cross and other patriotic work during the war, of her unselfish and invaluable assistance to the Portia Society in more recent days. In fact, there are few, if any, phases of the school's life which do not bear some impression of the generous, unassuming and refined spirit which accompanied Miss Henry everywhere. She leaves in this city hosts of teachers and students, past and present, who will join us in wishing her great happiness and success in her new environment.

Teacher: "What is a caterpillar"?
Student: "An upholstered worm."

—Whims.

DR. BLISS CARMAN

Some day, our recollections of school life will be only dim, wavering shadows, held as valueless things compared to the pursuit of the elusive dollar in the art of seasoning savory roasts. Even saddened, impoverished Aeneas, with all his unbounded flow of fanciful, despairing pessimism will be hopelessly forgotten. Gloomier still, Father Time, that incautious devastator of worth-while memories, shall take good care to fog-bind this little world of ours, this little gossip centre, with its beguiling mists of hurried, eventful years. He shall soften voices and bedim forms, now precious for their intimacy; destroy acquaintances; withdraw friendly attachments. Yet the conscientious old wretch, strive as he may, shan't sully one reminiscence—Dr. Bliss Carman's gracious visit to the school.

We may not be able to tell you how oxygen looks when liquified, or how Caesar felt as first he glimpsed the hordes of blood-lustful barbarians on the Dover cliffs, but we will be able to tell you how the kind, gaunt gentleman looked when first he addressed us and what emotions prevailed among us when we realized that this was a poet, Canada's gifted bard come to read his own creations.

It is no task to voice our admiration now, nor will it be more difficult to convey, with pardonable pride, every extreme particular that hinges on such a memorable occasion to the minds of our children—after all the criminal, Time, isn't quite the blackguard he is reputed to be.

V. H. S. S. A. and S. C.

At the regular monthly meeting of the S. A. and S. C. of B.C. Mr. H. Cross, of the Y.M.C.A., addressed the members on the purpose of the C. S. E. T. It has been proposed that a centre be established at the V.H.S., partly to allow those entering for the Raynor scholarship to qualify in this respect, and partly to help those who care to take part in the examination. The meeting was well attended by pupils of both sexes. We are indebted to Florence Keith, Lenore Cousins and Lorna Ramsey, secretary, for vocal, instrumental and histrionic talent respectively.

On the notice board—

COME AND ROOT!

What we want to know is, who added—

FOR ACORNS.

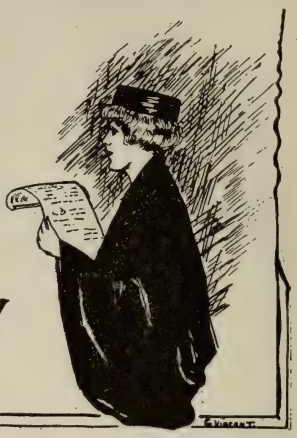
Second Year

Matric

Prelim

—A Story of the hair and dress—

Portia Society



AT the first meeting of the Portia Society for the fall session, held in the library, September 28, election of officers took place. The successful candidates were as follows: President, Marguerite Wilkinson; Vice President, Jessie MacDonald; Secretary-Treasurer, Helen Boyd; and an executive committee consisting of a girl representative from each school year: Matric, Ella Lewis; Junior, Laurine Gibson; Prelim, Marjorie Pottinger.

Three short speches made the meeting of October 5 very interesting. The first speaker, Alice Eldridge, gave brief descriptions of four of the best-known humorous characters in fiction. Ethelwyn Dee gave an enlightening account of the Klu Klux Klan, and Jessie MacDonald spoke eloquently on the subject "Public Speaking," which proved a very helpful address.

The meeting of October 11 was held in the auditorium and was opened with a delightful recitation by Florence McGibbon. A pleasant feature of the meeting was the impromptu speeches. Betty Fuller gave many reasons why "Portia" is a suitable name for the society. Mrs. Smith then gave a short speech. Marjorie Ballard spoke on the subject, "Why Teachers Should Celebrate Loud Sock Day, a speech which bristled with humor. The meeting closed with a very cleverly rendered recitation by Laurine Gibson.

On October 19 the meeting took the form of a debate. The subject was, "Resolved That Moving Picture Shows are of More Harm Than Good." The affirmative was upheld by Irmgard Gillam and Laura Wilby, and the negative by Barbara Fulton and Evelyn MacFarlane. It proved to be a very interesting debate, and the interest ran high. Messrs. Andrews and Cook, the judges, decided that the negative had won by a few points.

The Portia meeting on October 26 was favored with an extremely interesting address on "Reading," by Mr. Dilworth. Among the points emphasized were, the development of imagination through reading as opposed to moving pictures; the general appeal of reading; the

manner in which reading helps people to concentrate and escape from their immediate surroundings. Addresses of this kind are very entertaining as well as instructive, and it might be suggested that they be more frequent.

At the meeting of November 2 the programme consisted of two entertaining speeches. Ella Lewis spoke on Edward Greig and his music. Besides revealing Greig in the light of a conductor, pianist and composer, Miss Lewis afforded us an insight into his home life. Betty Fuller then spoke on the life of John McCrae, the great Canadian soldier-poet, illustrating this address by several of the best-known poems written by him.

A most interesting meeting was held on November 9, when Major Wilby spoke to the girls about the entry of the Canadian troops into Mons. In a few graphic words, he drew the picture of the city under German domination, and revealed the fear of its inhabitants for the ruthless conqueror, and the joy with which they welcomed the rescuers. The first Canadian who entered the city was requested by the Major to write his name in the gold book of Mons, last signed by Albert, King of Belgium. The conclusion of the address consisted in the relation of the touching tribute paid by Mons to the Canadians, who had fallen before the city.

On November 16 the election of different committees took place, namely: a committee for obtaining new members for the society; one for decorating the library for the Portia meetings, and one for choosing the subjects for debates to be held in the course of the year.

The meeting of November 23 consisted of four short speeches. The first speaker, Winifred Chapman, spoke on Pauline Johnson and her works. This subject was specially appropriate, as it was given during the week which was devoted to Canadian authors.

The second speaker, Madaline Nelems, spoke on Madame Cure, and the discovery of radium. Miss Nelems ennumerated the different uses of radium, and pointed out that everyone should feel very grateful to the woman who gave to the world such a wonderful discovery. The next speaker, Phyllis Featherstone, gave a talk on the Salmon Canneries. This was very interesting and instructive and was rendered more so for the reason that the speaker had personally visited the canneries. Laurine Gibson gave a fine address on the subject, "The Process of Bread Making in Modern Bakeries." This speech was doubly interesting as it was illustrated with photographs.

Heard in Room 35

Mr. C——: "How many gasses have we now considered?"
Carey: "Five, sir."
Mr. C——: "Ennumerate them."
Carey: "One, two, three, four, five."

WHEN THE DEVIL LAUGHED

AS THE pack train wound its slow way through the bush, the roar and rumble of the falls could be heard louder and louder, and suddenly rang with renewed vigor as the leading horseman broke through into the clearing. With many a loud "Hiyi," the remainder of the pack horses were driven into the open, and soon all the packs were being unhitched with the skilled hands of an expert packer; and, the saddles thrown in a heap, the weary horses moved out into the grass, and rolled on the ground, whinnying with delight that the long day's journey was at an end.

Soon the three small tents were up, and old Joe Pete, the cook, was handing out mush to the hungry boys.

Sitting on a roll of blankets, while satisfying my hunger, I let my eyes wander over our surroundings. High overhead towered the vast craggy sides of the ravine, and to the left the river swept without a ripple over a hundred-foot fall, thundering onto the rocks below, and sending up high showers of spray.

My musings were interrupted by the voice of Tom, the axman.

"So this is Devil's Canyon, is it? The Indians say it's haunted, eh?"

"That's so." came the reply, "those darned Beavers are scared to death of it."

"Why, what's the reason, anyhow? The spooks don't hurt."

"D'you want to know? Wal, it's this way. Five years ago, old Red Bull had a trapping shack here, and he was an out-of-the-ordinary Indian, for he stored up quite a bunch of cash, and kept it all in his little shack.

"Wal, along comes a dirty halfbreed and a Mex, and they sponge on old Red to give them free board and lodging, so's to speak; old Red doesn't like it much, and tells the breed he's got to go.

"Wal, that morning old Red goes fishing above the falls, and while he's standing on the bank, the breed jumps on him and shoves him in. Old Red manages to grab a branch sticking out from the Yank, and the breed somehow loses his balance and falls in too.

"They are in a kind of eddy, but the banks are so steep that you can't climb up, and a few feet downstream was the edge of the falls. There was only the one branch to cling to, and it would not bear two men.

"Wal, the Breed tries to hit old Red, and they fight in the water, each trying to gain possession of the branch. They keep it up for quite a while, each trying all he knows.

"Meanwhile the Mex stands on the bank and watches, 'For,' he says to himself, 'if both drown, the more cash for me.'

"Finally, realising it is all up with him, old Red goes plumb mad; the next time the Breed comes at him, he dives between his

legs. The Breed grabs the branch, and old Red grabs the heels of the Breed and strikes out for all he's worth. The branch bends and cracks, and, fighting and struggling, the two go over the falls; and then as they go, there is one scream from the Breed.

The next day two black shapes float in the basin below.

"Wal, the Mex makes tracks for the coast, but a few months later is caught, in Vancouver, I think, the Mounted Police having followed up the trail from the headquarters.

"Wal, he confesses, and tells just about the same yarn as this, and lands in the pen for life. He died about a year ago.

"But, here's the thing; the Indians swear that every night, at dusk, the two, the Indian and the Breed; fight above the falls, and the Mex stands by and laughs. There is one scream, then silence."

"Well, boys, I'm off to hit the hay."

Now, you, my readers, who are here in civilized Victoria, may laugh; but that night, for dusk comes late in the northern summer, I was waked by Joe Pete touching my arm.

"Mon Dieu! kid, listen."

And above the roar of the waters could be heard a strange gurgling and splashing, and then peal after peal of unearthly laughter, and, in the light of the rising moon, somthing black shot over the falls. A scream of anguish rent the air. That was all!

G. VINCENT (Matric C).

PRELIMS' DIRECTORY

Dibble—Usually found expostulating and expounding upon weird and wonderful theories to a crowd of awe-struck hearers near the lockers.

Lever—May be found almost any afternoon giving private (?) tuition to some student or perchance a teacher. So far he has not located a definite office, but usually graces the corridors after 3.15 p.m., or he may be found in his locker.

Pillar—Conspicuous by his pompadour and his inevitable after speeches at meeting of Beta Delta.

McMillen—Our tawny half-back. You may find him any Tuesday or Thursday afternoon, when the coach takes him out for his semi-weekly exercise on the campus.

Marchbank—A logical, sagacious, animated, wireless pole, radiating wave-trains of wisdom, who graces the precincts of the second floor. Students wishing to converse with him may obtain a megaphone and an astronomical telescope from Levirs, who has them for this purpose.

Hopkins—Prelims aspiring for theatrical or movie honors may obtain many helpful hints by attending his performances in room ———, or the vicinity of the lower-floor lockers.

It is indeed gratifying to note the increased interest in matters athletic in the school. The spirit and zeal with which those entering in school games are upholding the honour and tradition of this institution is most commendable. But—the inevitable "but"—there is ample room for the expansion of that interest. Surely everyone must realize the importance and benefit of school games, both from the physical aspect and the habits of tenacity and co-operation necessary in the creditable distcharge of the obligations these participtaing in school games take upon themselves. Apart from these great benefits and the enjoyment derived therefrom, what better source of exhilarating exercise can be found than school sports and games? Our city fathers, those responsible for the establishment of our educational institutions, deemed it unnecessary to make athletics compulsory in Victoria's schools. They rely upon the student's common sense to decide what his or her attitude towards athletics shall be; so it is up to each and every one of us to uphold the reputation of our city's school-going public.

History teaches us that great decadent civilizations have fallen because of the declining virility of their peoples. Therefore, you owe it to your country, your school, your parents and also that vitally important person—youreslf—to do your bit to maintain athletics in our schools. Let's go, "Hi!"

RUGBY—OCTOBER 26th.

For those who may still be unaware of the fact, the V.H.S. rugby squad took the field against the Royal Naval College team for its first league game on Wednesday, October 26th.

The College obtained the kick-off, which was speedily returned, and for the next 15 minutes "Hi" faired the play. The College worked up dangerously near our line, but this situation was somewhat relieved by a free-kick being awarded the "Hi." Dunn did the kick-in and showed great abilities in punting for touch.

Whether it be indicative of good rugby, or of the terribly effective tackling of our gang, suffice it to say several members of the opponent aggregation were, in the vernacular of the vulgar, "laid out." But it deserves mention that the remaining members re-

doubled their efforts and effectually blocked all our onslaught. The half ended—no score.

The play resumed for the second period and continued to see-saw up and down the teeter-board of excitement throughout the period. "Don" MacLean, our wee half-back star, twinkled in the sky of fame accompanied by McMillan and Tex Clarke to complete the constellation.

By a fine piece of combined play, "the water babies" worked the ball up into our territory and boomed dangerously near our line, but our back division acquitted itself most creditably and successfully repulsed all rushes, thanks to the good work of "Cap." McNamee and Ted Lake.

The naval boys played like bull-dogs, evidenced by the fact that they proceeded to chew our innocent forward star, Shaw, all to pieces.

To the great disappointment of R. N. C. and the correspondingly great elation of some of the "Hi," the game ended—a draw. Oh, well, its the first time in 6 years they didn't beat us, and we'll beat 'em next time.

Our "fifteen" played a fast and furious practice game with the Victoria College and came out on the long end of a score 12—0.

The College opened the game with a fierce offensive, keeping the play in our twenty-five yard line for a considerable time, but our superior "three's" showed themselves at their best and the score tells the result of their efforts, backed by our "ever-ready" scrum.

University 3—V.H.S.—0.

Now for the sad part of my tale. Due to one of those inexplicable "breaks" that often occur in an otherwise equal game, the Varsity managed to get across our line in our initial contest with them. The game was a tussel from commencement to finish, the respective forwards being on the ball at all times. The break came in the final five minutes, with McNamee just returned into the fray, having suffered a severe kick, one man seemed unchecked and a fine three-quarters rush put Varsity across our line. The try was not converted and the game ended 3—0, in favor of Varsity; but it was a grand old game while it lasted, as the many skinned knees and aches and pains, so much in evidence next day, all went to prove.

While the senior division has been acquitting itself quite commendably, our junior fifteen has been,shall I say, less fortunate.

In two games played, they have been unsuccessful in bringing home a win and a little advice may help those who go to take our place next year. Probably the whole cause of their defeat at the hands of O.B.H. was too much confidence in their ability to win. They made the first score, and figured nothing else remained, but to pile up a big score, and Oak Bay found openings, which their team quickly made use of, to their own benefit.

It was a game that long will be remembered by the followers of school sports, for its fine exhibition of true sportsmanship and

In the game with R.N.C., Duncan McLennan saved the complete white-wash by neatly dropping a goal in the second half of the game.

Green, Lore, MacCallum and Champion are doing good work with the juniors.

THOMPSON CUP GAMES

By their triumph over Oak Bay High School in two games, by scores of 6—0 and 15—0, respectively; V. H. S. gained the honor of battling with King George High, of Vancouver, for the Thompson Cup, emblamatic of the B. C. championship.

SENIOR RUGBY SQUAD

Back Row—Nachtrieb, Collison, Cameron, Green, Breckenridge, Lake, Gosse, Champion, Clark.
Centre Row—Cunningham, McMillen, Humber, Sturgess, Straith, H. L. Smith.
Kneeling—Shaw, McLean, McNamee (Cap), McCallum, Lore.

A grand old battle it was, from start to finish. Vancouver opened with a fierce offensive, and in the first five minutes, a seemingly inevitable score was saved by "Cap." McNamee, right on our touch-line K. G. H. continued their aggressive tactics and the play remained in V. H. S. territory for the remainder of the period.

Second Period

From the kick-off "Hi" pressed harder, and their efforts were renewed in a "try" being gained by MacMillen, in a regular "dog-pile" on their line. Lake took the kick, but the ball failed to reach the bar. On play resuming, Vancouver came down in rush after

rush more fierce than ever in their attempts to vindicate themselves. Some wonderful saves were made at this stage of the game by Lore, Lake and Humber. In a combind rush of forwards and 3's, Vancouver got across for their first "try"—which was not converted. Play resumed, and continued evenly, until the final 4 minutes, when a K. G. H. three-quarter man dropped a very pretty field goal which gained for them the victory. Time came almost at the kick-off, and the game ended score 7—3, in favor of Vancouver.

It was a game that long will be remembered by the followers of school sports, for its fine exhibition of true sportsmanship and keenly contested game, in which it was every man's game until almost the final whistle. Though we were beaten, our team is the first to score on Vancouver's team in all their games this year. It is impossible to describe the game to those unfortunates who missed seeing it; rather examine the personnel of the team:—Lake, Humber, McNamee, Dunn, Lore, Shaw, Nachtrich, Clarke, Champion, Straith, Cameron, Sturgess, MacMillen, MacLean and Collison.

The Man in the Moon Says—

That Dunn was the outstanding star of the first rugby game, judging by the support he received from the young lady rooters.

That a few more fair supporters might help Dunn to do much better.

That it might help the whole team considerably.

That everyone has noticed Ted Lake, our new acquisition to the squad is a rugby star and a real good sport.

That the sparsity of supporters at games, proves the absence of the smallest vestage of school spirit.

That only the increased size of the school renders them immune from deserved and merited punishment.

That he or she, who takes no interest in school activities, is no true student of V.H.S.—they only attend the school.

That the student body cannot withhold its interest and encouragement from a school team and expect that team to devote all its time and energy in training, to play and battle for the school.

No matter what else happens
Now that all the world's gone dry;
The sailor still shall have his port,
And the farmer have his rye.
The cotton mill will have its gin
The sea coast have its bar;
And each of us will have our bier
No matter who we are.

SCHOOL NEWS IN BRIEF

An assembly of matriculation students was held recently to elect their officers for the present year.

Results of the election were as follows: E. Wade, President; Helga Johnson, Vice-President; Marguerite Wilkinson, Secretary

Individual class organization has been carried on to a large degree, particularly among the Matrics, and committees have already been appointed to represent their respective divisions on the Central Executive.

During the term the school has been fortunate in securing visits from several prominent men who have contributed much to the interest and enjoyment of the students.

Harold Cross, Boy's Work Secretary of the Y.M.C.A., and later Paul Clyde, a well-known ex-H. S. student, gave interesting and inspiring addresses on "School Spirit."

A visit to the school by Fire Chief Stevens, one of our neighbors to the South, was welcomed enthusiastically by the students, and his interesting and witty address on the subject of "The Training of Fremen" proved instructive and enjoyable. We have since discovered, however, that owing to the Chief's graphic account of his experiences, several boys who were intending to take up this honorable profession have decided to follow a less dangerous pursuit—jumping from the top of a twenty story building has its drawbacks.

On November 11th, Armistice Day, the High School students participated in a most impressive memorial service. The ceremony included short speeches by Messrs. Deane and Sullivan. Following these the International two-minutes silence was solemnly observed.

IN MEMORIAM

The good old days.
The shaving Prelim.
The snappy class report.
The unpompadoured Junior.
The jitney dance.
The 15—0 rugby game.
The skirt-covered ankle.
The Matric who expects to pass.
The coffin nail.
The clean shirt on Friday.
The yellow-stained forefinger.
The ungartered sock.
The neck-choking collar and Paderewski hair.

Turner (running excitedly into Room 12): "Do you notice any change in me?"

Class: "No, why?"

Turner: "Thank goodness! I just swallowed two nickels."

BETA DELTA

The initial meeting of the Beta Delta Society for the fall session was called for October 13 by Pillar, for election of officers, to be followed by a programme. Results of the elections are as follows: Hon. President, Mr. H. H. Smith; Hon. Vice Presidents, Mr. Cornett and Mr. H. L. Smith; President, Cunningham; Vice President, Lewis; Secretary, Fletcher; Treasurer, Fraser; and a committee:—Knox, Vincent and Swannell.

During the term the following boys spoke: Vincent, Pillar, Cunningham, A. Smith, Regan, L. Coates, Knox, McKay, Ferguson, W. Grant, Coddington, Montaldi, Fraser, Rrennan, Brakes, Legg, Smurthwaite, Fobister, Marchbank, Levers, Watkins and Swannell.

At the first meeting Mr. Cornett appropriately gave a history of the organization and the opportunity it offers. It was founded by Professor Wood and later honored him by bringing to High School the "Sears" Cup. A beautiful banner is offered annually for competition in Class debates, as well as a medal for any boy who attains the mark of 70% in speaking and 30% as a member.

Many instructive debates were held this year; among which was a keenly contested argument on the subject of "Resolved that Home-work be abolished." The affirmative was backed by Fraser and Drennan, while the negative was upheld by Vincent and Brakes; every point was hard fought and as the subject was close to the hearts of the audience, feeling ran high. Drennan advocated that home-work was filling the hospitals with nervous wrecks, but when the smoke cleared the judges, Messrs. H. L. Smith and Steeves rendered a verdict in favor of the negative because the audience, if they were typical of the High School student, were comfortably built.

When the first of a schedule of inter-class debates was announced between Matrics A and E, the library was filled for the event. The subject chosen was, Resolved "That the Gradual Limitation of Armaments would be a more practical method of insuring Peace than immediate and complete abolition of same." Watkins and Swannell appeared for the affirmative and were opposed by Marchbank and Levers. The speakers were all experienced and the contest proved of a very high character, facts and figures being well expressed. The judges, Miss McLeod and Messrs. H. H. Smith and Gunn, after some discussion awarded the honors to the negative.

Amongts the many interesting speeches was a talk on the Indians of Northern Canada, by Vincent. The speaker had practical experience among the Indians and the history of their customs proved of great interest. The subjects of other prominent talks were: The Disarmament Conference and Conditions in Canada to-day, given by Pillar and Cunningham.

Hearty thanks are extended to our untiring Hon. Vice-President, Mr. Cornett, to whose efforts the now prosperous condition of the organization is due.

Thanks are also tendered the speakers and members of the staff who gave so generously of their time and talent on our behalf.

With such able support "Beta Delta" looks confidently into the future for an increased membership and a wider influence in the school.

SUITABLE BED-TIME DEVOTIONS.

For Every Student—

From all-day suckers; from all prelims; from all juniors who park their gum behind their ears; from all inter-class debates; from all front seats; from all nicotine derelicts; from all Matrics with neck shaves; from all overgrown ear puffs; from all student Welfare Leagues; from all teachers; from all registration slips; from all interviews in the private office; from all examinations; from the month of June and the wrath to come—Kind Providence deliver us!

For Some Teachers—

O, Merciful Heaven, Thou Protector of Pedagogues and lover of mob orators—

Enlighten us in this, our hour of sorrow; unburden us of all academic cares; let not false reports of our injustice delight the souls of sharp-tongued enemies; shield us from the Prince of Darkness; from his foul friends, from iniquitous Matrics: correct us of our sinful ways; lead us forth from isolation and shepherd us with normal men far from the scenes of bondage; reveal unto us some realization of indulgence—let ours be the lot of disclosing to grateful ears the identity of a smoker; let such an addict be seized, shackled and sand bagged; let not some scoffing pest differ with our classroom opinions—we are too proud to fight—the meek shall inheret the earth; protect us from ourselves, from our heedless lips, let no pleasantry drop from hence; let not—hear this, our greatest supplication—the gymnasium resound with the sensual, discordant strife of modern dance music or its floor tremble under the toddling, varnish-erasing feet of degenerated, bound-for-perdition jitney dancers: bless us!

Alas and amen!

Davey: "Can't you take a joke?"
She: "Are you proposing?"

This year we have with us a large number of exchanges. Among them many old friends, and we are more than ever assured that the custom of exchanging is of great benefit. By reading the papers, we receive many good ideas; but what is more important, we are thus enabled to see ourselves as others see us, through the criticisms and suggestions in their exchange columns. Also, we can obtain an insight into the life of other schools, and by observing the faults and virtues in others, to improve our own.

The Camosun extends to our exchanges a wish for a Merry Christmas, and a new year which will bring success in all branches of school life.

The Totem, Juneau High School, Juneau, Alaska. Welcome to our most Northerly exchange! Your 1921 Annual compares favorably with any we have seen.

The Tech Pep., Benson Polytechnic, Portland, Ore. Your Paper contains a lot of school news.

1st Student: "What's the Russian for cootie?"
2nd Student: "Ivanitch."

Broadway Whims, Broadway High School, Seattle Wash. As good a high school paper as we know of. Whimsicalities are sometimes very good.

The Trident, Santa Cruz High School, Santa Cruz, Calif. Everything in your paper is interesting. You show great initiative in doing your own printing.

We also acknowledge the following exchanges:

Red and White, The Lincolnians, The Ubyssey, Trinity University Review, Acta Victoriana, The Pow-Wow, The Collegian, McMaster's Monthly, The J. H. S. Exhaust, The Bison, The Westport Crier, Shamokin High School Review, The X-Ray, The Olathean, Vox Lycei, The Central Luminary.

TYPOGRAPHICAL ERRORS OF MY FIRST POEM

Ah, here it is; I'm famous now—
An author and a poet.
It really is in print! Ye gods!
How proud I'll be to show it.
And gentle K——! What a thrill
Will animate her breast
To read these ardent lines, and know
To whom they were addressed.

Why bless my soul! Here's something strange!
What can the paper mean
By talking of the "graceful brooks
That gander o'er the green."
And here's a T instead of R,
Which makes it "tippling rill";
"We'll seek the shad," instead of "shade,"
And "hell' instead of "hill."

"They look so—" what? I recollect
'Twas "sweet" and then 'twas "kind,"
And now to think the stupid fool,
For "bland" has printed "blind."
Was ever such provoking work?
'Twas curious bye the bye,
How anything is rendered blind
By giving it an eye.

"Hast thou no tears?" the T's left out,
"Hast thou no ears," instead.
"I hope that thou art dear" is put
"I hope that thou art dead."
Who ever saw in such a space
So many errors crammed?
"Those gentle eyes be dimmed," is spelt
"Those gentle eyes bedammed."

"The color of the rose" is "nose,"
"Affection" is "affliction."
I wonder if the likeness holds
In fact as well as fiction?
"Thou art a friend," the R is gone.
Who ever could have deemed
That such a trifling thing would change
A "friend" into a "fiend?"

"Thou art the same" is rendered "lame,"
It really is too bad.
And here, because an I is out,
My lovely "maid" is "mad."
They drove her blind, by poking in
An eye (i), a process new;
And now they've gouged it out again
And made her crazy, too.

"Where have the muses fled, that thou
Shouldst live so long unsung?"
Thus read **my** version—here it is—
"Shouldst live so long unhung,"
"The fate of woman's love is thine,"
And H commences "fate,"
How small a circumstance will turn
A woman's "love" to "hate."

Let's stop and recapitulate;
I've damned her eyes, that's plain.
I've told her she's a lunatic,
And deaf, and blind, and lame,
Was ever such a horid hash
In poetry and prose,
I've said she was a fiend, and praised
The color of her nose. —From Junior C.

AT V. H. S.

Don't talk in groups of more than one,
Don't hop, don't shove, don't start to run.

(Ladies, skip this paragraph! It is really unfit for publication. It got into my letters by mistake, and I asked the printer to destroy it or set it wrong side up.—Ed.)

If there's something that worries a woman
It's something she ought not to know;
But you bet she'll find it out anyhow
If she gets the least kind of a show.
Now, we'll wager ten cents to a farthing
This poem she's already read—
We knew she would get at it somehow
If she had to stand on her head!

—From Junior C.

There was a sweet thing called
Whose young man worked for a juhla
He got her a ring,
Diamonds, pearls, everything,
And now the poor guy's in the cuhla.—Ex.

BEAR TRAPS

WHENEVER I think of my friend Charlie, I see him as he used to sit when we were together up at the shack. Then across my mind flashes the expression of his face, and forthwith I must laugh. His habitual expression of surprise and affected boredom is strongly reminiscent of a very amusing incident that once befell and which I shall endeavor to write down just as he told it.

"Tom here will remember that year when George and I were prospecting back of Winter Harbor. Well, I came out to the settlement alone once and as usual started back about three days later, walking the beach as far as the mouth of the big creek where we usually took to the deer trails up the river. To my surprise I saw a sign on a tree beside the river and on it was 'Bear Trap' in labored characters. I knew, of course, that it belonged to Tommy, the Indian, for he was the only one of them that could write, and those two words were the extent of his accomplishment. What surprised me was that he should set a bear trap on the beach, but then I didn't care, so long as I missed falling into it.

"Of course, I kept a close watch where I stepped until I was well up the river. I had gone perhaps a mile when suddenly my feet were pulled from under me, my head thumped violently on the ground, and I found myself swinging upside down four or five feet above the trail. I had, I knew, stepped into the Indian's bear trap, which consisted of a loop of rope lying flat on the ground, actuated by a young tree bent partly down and set free by a stick within the loop.

"I was surprised, to say the least, and gradually grew angry. As soon as I had set myself free, I grabbed my rifle, pumped a shell into the chamber and set off on my best speed back. The thoughts I thought of the Indian were not complimentary. Suppose, for instance, the noose had caught me by the neck—I went along faster. The first person I met was Tommy, right at the mouth of the creek. I seized him by the neck and demanded to know why he wanted to kill me.

"His eloquent reply was, 'No kumtuks,' meaning "I don't know,' or any such thing you please.

"'No kumtuks put sign?' I asked again.

"'Sign,' he asserted, indicating his sign on the tree.

"'Halo klootch, too far,' I said, becoming convinced of his culpability.

"'No,' he contradicted.

"'Yes, put sign close,' I ordered.

"'No ketch bear,' Tommy stated.

"'Why?' I asked.

"'Bear come, read sign; bear go up river; bear ketch trap.'

"Well, I had to laugh at that; so there was an end of it, because Tommy considered himself exonerated and perfectly in the right. Though I have since tried to explain to him the necessity of having a sign near his trap, he always explains in his turn that it is necessary to 'fool bear.'"

BEN G. SIVERTZ,

PRECEPT AND PRACTICE

(To my teacher)

Do you remember how, in class one morning,
Following Caesar through some wide-stretched state
Into his winter quarters, bored and yawning,
You called on me to rise and scintillate?
But I, frail youth, sought refuge in excuses,
Pleading that other toils had held me thrall
And how the "Gallic War" a thing abstruse is,
And this the hardest chapter of them all.
Whereat you stormed, terming my conduct "shifty,"
And bade me sit down quickly and write "fifty"
Of Virgil's best.

Yet later, when released from cares of study,
I came upon you at our hockey practice,
A player trim and gloriously ready,
Showing some novice what a lift should be,
And when the puck you meant to send to glory
Just tottered feebly to an early grave,
You summoned to your aid the old, old story
Of sun in eyes and sticks that misbehave.
So, if you think the matter out as I did,
We're quits; you'll own it in your hearts of hearts,
Although that "hole" was halved, while Gaul's divided
Into three parts!

—From Junior C.

When the donkey saw the Zebra,
He began to switch his tail.
"Well! I never!" was his comment,
"There's a mule that's been in jail."—Ex.

* * * * *

Teachers say that a fool can ask more questions than ten wise men could answer. So don't be surprised if you fail at Christmas.

"Run him ragged," hollered John Shaw as his sausage hound bit a mouthful out of the truant officer's pants.

MATRIC A

The following little ditty was written with intent to dispel that far-off dreaminess in Percy Noel's eyes:—

"There are levers of iron,
There are levers of stone,
But the best kind of lever
Is to lever alone."

Miss Morton was a chemist
But now she is no more;
What once she thought was H2O
Proved H2 SO4.

You say that one is pretty stale—
You've heard that joke before?
Well, had you heard she added salt
And came down whole once more?

Methinks Marjorie Ballard looks pale and heavy-eyed these days. Burning midnight-oil, Marjorie,—or gas?

MATRIC B

If absence makes the heart grow fonder, Matric B ought to be a regular brotherhood.

Wanted to know—

I. If Hunter arrives home a leur du diner.

II. Why the subject of "cats" seems so interesting to certain members of the class.

III. Why Maclean insists on having a cold.

IV. Why Miss Mutrie misuses back seats.

Cameron—"Speaking of flowers—
Clark, can you name a rose that blushes unseen."
Clark, thoughtfully (if possible)—"Can't say that I can."
Cameron—wittily. "How about the negroes."

P.S.—"We verily believe that Hank stayed up all night, thinking about this one.'

Now Hopkins is an acrobat,
So runs the modern tale.
He scaled the slippery window-sill,
The one in charge grew pale.
The room sat awed and silent,
Until the deed was done,
And Hopkins reached the floor again
To the relief of every one.

MATRIC C

9.00 a.m.—Clark wanders into the room (sometimes).
9.30 a.m.—Vincent wakes up.
9.31 a.m.—Vincent, Shenk and Kilpatrick sleep once more.
10.00 a.m.—Latin. (Sleep, gentle sleep).
10.30 a.m.—Shaw gets a nose-bleed.
11.30 a.m.—Trying to decline French verbs of the fifth decleusion.
12.00 m. —Grand rush for the door.
12.30 p.m.—Plodding slowly on our way to school.
1.00 p.m.—Miss Donnelly *fixes her hair for the afternoon.
1.10 p.m.—Wade commences to "Vamp" Miss ————
1.45 p.m.—Sudden rude awakening in geometry.
2.30 p.m.—Miss Jenkins uses her powder-puff.
3.15 p.m.—Ah!
3.30 p.m.—Generally finds some of us in Room 33.
12.30 p.m.—Just finished Latin home-work, about to start on algebra.

Isn't it strange that after our famous rugby matches, the players belonging to our class feel ill for a day or two?

Why does Kilpatrick always sit in the back seat? Ah! Why?

Teacher: "Haven't you ever seen people from the country when they visit the city? They go about hand in hand."

Voice from rear: "I saw Wady doing that once."

MATRIC D's TIME TABLE

1.00 a.m.—Nichols closes his books and retires for the night.
2.30 a.m.—Miss Ramsay arrives home.
4.00 a.m.—Nimmo gets out of bed.
4.00 a.m.—Sinclair starts some early studying?
5.00 a.m.—Nimmo starts for school via B.C.E.R.
6.00 a.m.—Taylor shuts off the alarm.
7.00 a.m.—Most of the class are getting up.
7.40 a.m.—Sturgess begins to tie his cravat.
7.50 a.m.—McIntyre wonders who turned off the alarm.
8.15 a.m.—Regan and Mac gets up.
8.25 a.m.—Sturgess finishes his tie.
8.50 a.m.—Early birds are admitted.

*We wonder whether this verb is used in its literal sense—to make stationary, to attack.—Ed.

8.59 a.m.—Members of "just in time" club arrive.
9.01 a.m.—Phillips, Mac and Regan arrive in time to be late.
9.45 a.m.—Sinclair is forced to evacuate his position in phys. lab.
11.10 a.m.—Several Matrics begin to get hungry.
12.00 a.m.—Massacre of prelims in rush for lunch room.
1.01 p.m.—Maywood arrives late but is not seen.
3.00 p.m.—All eyes are turned on the clock.
3.15 p.m.—Miss Fairclough, Regan, Mac, etc., adjourn for a seventh or perhaps an eighth period.
6.30 p.m.—Nichols begins his home-work.
6.45 p.m.—Sturgess puts another tie on and calls on Bubbles, McMillen or some other young lady.
7.30 p.m.—Other good Matrics begin their home-work.
8.30 p.m.—Miss Gregory Allen and Miss Ramsay arrive late at a party.
10.00 p.m.—Normal Matrics finish their home-work.
11.00 p.m.—Abnormal ones, such as Miss Hanson, Dick, Nimmo, etc., get down to work at Algebra.
12.00 p.m.—All are asleep, saves Nichols, Miss Ramsay, Miss McMillen, Sturgess, Collison, etc. (Yea and a certain editor of a certain school magazine, who feverishly sits up until dawn, re-copying reports and roaring foul curses and black oaths against scribes who use both sides of the paper.)—Ed.

Miss Ramsay: "I watch the moon every night."
Ensor: "Why is that"?
Miss Ramsay: "Because there is a man in it."

Taylor's spelling of "beauty" in French reminds us of "bow-ties."

Teacher (to Nimmo): "Say this in French, 'I am struck by its beauty.'"

Nimmo (from Saanich): "Je suis frappe de votre beaute."

Sturgess (to Ikey): "What is your girl like? I'd like to meet her."

Ikey: "Ah! Two hands cannot describe her."

Phillips, our class chemist, is about to make a fortune. He has patented a process, whereby oxygen may be prepared from pure iron filings.

Favorite Sayings of Favorite People.

"Yes—uh—but—that's right."
"Now, how would you do this?"
"Did I tell you about ————————?"
"Now, class, we really are getting behind."
"Question!"

Matric Mumblings.

Hello!—How's your aunt—we have a new one in here—next padded cell to mine—name's Nimmo—from Saanich—D'you like nuts?—No? Some monkeys don't—sh! no offence. If two and two are four—what's the answer—got a new head-keeper—name is—don't

mention it—got some music now—fellow—named Petrie—got the "ifs"—says—if the eyes are the windows—of the soul—how queerly—the world must look—to the eyes—of Ben Turpin—we've a child wonder—here—name's Skin—no Peel—he's wondering all day—we are getting a "Red" campaign—leader's a "Bolshie"—name's milliner—no—forgotten it—I have it—Eureka—Taylor. If two nickels make a dime—what's the answer—give it up?—an ice cream soda. Old inmate—named Ensor—committed strabismus pedus—last night—tried to imitate—Charlie Chaplin—our row is the warmest—in the place—several redheads—by the way (is your wife with you?)—ever try to sew—a button on?—no?—don't try—make holes—in your clothes—huh? What did you say? what is the involucar? dunno—ask Einstein—or the janitor—say—do you want—here comes that squirrel again—shut up—sh! no offense—good-bye—past waiting hours—see you again.

Asked in history: "What did the internal decay of Assyria cause?"

Inspired occupant of back seat: "Carbon-dioxide."

MATRIC E

Are we a happy crowd? Well, we have Ben McMillen for our class president.

Our occasional classmate Goldsmith comes from Missouri and "has to be shown." This Missourian was:

There was a man from Missouri
And gas-light he could not endure, he
Blew out the gas
Like a silly ass,
Now his wife makes plenty of "pleurer."

The world has known many great scientists, but we find it hard to see past Dibble.

History Teacher: "What was the first word you ever said?"

McMillen (who laughs at anything): "Hee! Haw!" Our suspicions are confirmed.

Critical Moments

When Miss Greenwood blushes.

When Miss Cummins delivers a general ennunciation.

When McMillen says, "Good morning S———— and how are you to-day?"

When anybody mentions peanuts to Cunningham.

Pompey's Pillar might have an interest to some people, but we are content to feast our eyes on Pillar's pomp.

Slogan of those unfortunates who do not prepare their home-work,—"All balled up and no place to roll."

Tragedy

Of all sad words in print or text,
The saddest these: "Continued in our next."

JUNIOR A

One day on the Island train an excited old lady rushed up to the conductor and exclaimed, "Please, stop the train, I've lost my wig!" The conductor replied, cheerfully, "Never mind, madam, there's a switch just the other side of the station."

As the Xmas and New Year's seasons are nearing, we take this opportunity of extending to all our sincere wishes for a merry Xmas and a Happy New Year.

JUNIOR B

Ada Raines and Nellie Hipwood do splendid work in school (together.)

Margaret Love—How does Margaret spend her week-ends down on the farm? From the account the class receives every Monday morning it can hardly be playing the demure country maiden.

"Follow your nose," says an old proverb. In order to make this plainer, Dorothy has painted her nose white. At least, not exactly painted it, but put some powdery white substance on it; flour, I suppose.

It has been proved over and over again that there are no bounds to Chemistry. Why, only the other day a new substance was discovered by a member of our class. It is called "Chili Night Peter," and is used for making ice cream.

We really can't help wondering how Nan Forbes keeps going. She as much as told us that he heart's in the Highlands a-chasing the deer.

JUNIOR C

"Little Drops of Wisdom from our Lips."

A knight-errant is (a) one who runs errands, (b) he who errs in the night.

Any person answering for the debt, default or miscarriage of another must be in writing.

Champlain was the first man to lay his foot on Lake Ontario.

Quebec sends 65 members to the House of Commons and the other provinces as many in reverence to their population.

Lloyd George came from a poor class of people. He was a Baptist.

Sir John A. MacDonald drove the last spike in the Rocky Mountains.

When Cartier was going back he took with him several Indian chiefs, among them Lord Strathcona.

The pioneers never knew when they might wake up and find themselves murdered by the Indians.

Champlain brought out wives for all the priests.

The pioneers wore short trousers and long hair.

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Extract from morning paper: "The body of a sailor was found in the river this morning cut to piecces and sewed up in a sack. The circumstances seem to confirm our suspicion of suicide."

She looked down on the sleeping babe,
"Ah me," she sighed, "how sweet,"
"It has its mother's nose and eyes.
And Charlie Chaplin's feet."

As we see them in 1941.

Coates—Jester for King Edward.
Fletcher—Missionary on a Bamboo Isle.
Tredwell—A quack doctor at the Jubilee.
Jack Wood—Dancing master for ladies only.
Alice Chung—Mrs. Lumbago.
Evelyn Laing—Mrs. Atherton.
Miss Fletcher—Latest styles of France.
Belindo Hamilton—Basket-ball mascot.

Visitor: "Well, my man, how did you get here?"
Ex Forger: "Trying to make a name for myself."

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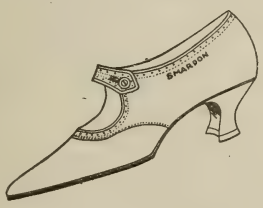

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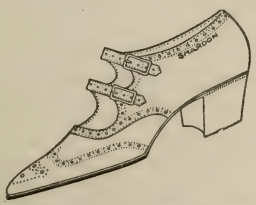

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Miss Foxgord without her powder puff.
Miss Jone's health allowing her to read.
Miss Gosse with a surly look.
Miss Owen being graceful.
Miss Edwards forgetting her motto—"Safety First."

Wanted:

A magaphone for Miss Matthews.
A bottle of Tanlac for Miss Knight.

We even have a character from Mother Goose in our famous class:—

Little Tom Horner
Sat in a corner,
Learning his Latin exam.
He picked out a noun,
And declined it all down,
And said, "What a good boy I am."

George Knox's chief delight is to overwhelm his fellow students with his phraseology. His definition of a sausage is: "An indefinable, Condimental amalgamation of membranaceous disintegrations."

Belinda Hamilton's translation of "Caesar adsum jam forti"—
"Caesar had some jam for tea."

Division 10 has at last settled down for a year of good, hard work. However, it was a little difficult to get Art Williams & Company into a school-going frame of mind. But after President Higgins launched his successful reform movement the tyrants at once adopted a religious life, and now everything is running well. And the class is expected to do eight months of excellent work. However, some very fair work has been done already, as Watson has attained 100% in three different tests, and at least ten other persons have attained 100% in one test. The class is also taking a keen interest in athletics, and has succeeded in defeating Division II. in two successive games of basketball.

DIVISION 10 PERSONALS

Higgins. Has left for U.S.A., and Division 10 is sorry to see him go, for he was not only the father of the great Higgins' Reform Movement, but he was our president. We wish him the best of luck.
"This was a Higgins, when comes such another?"

Zarelli. According to Fred he must have been a wonderful scholar in his younger days. But he seems to be fast fading away.
"No home-work; and too many nights out late." Eh Fred?

Williams. He of late seems to prefer doing his class work out on the window sill along with Beilby. But Nevertheless, Division 10 wouldn't be the same without Art.

Wood. "They sure named you right." The class is endeavoring to find out who cracked this joke first. Never mind, Wood, you're made of the right stuff.

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Calderwood. He smiles through gay and grim; even when he doesn't know the five inferences after theorum 16. He is a willing and earnest student and we expect him to make a good mark in the world.

Todd. A hard worker, and he does the worrying for the whole class.

Division 10 wishes the teachers a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year, and wishes to thank them for their splendid services and kindnesses.

DIVISION 12—JUNIOR TECHNICAL

The Junior Technical Class wishes to make its debut to the students in general. We are fully aware of our importance, and, although we are not greedy, we intend to carry off the eBta Delta, basketball, football and various other honors, thus waking up the other divisions to the fact that there is at least one other **GOOD** class in the V. H. S. With Anthony, Ferguson, Davey, McCallum, Grant and Bailey on the committee, we have a body that intends to advertise our good qualities and show our friends that we can and will firmly establish the success of the Technical Course, and to make a name for ourselves that will long be recognized by those who follow after.

Mr. C.——: "Dunn, why were you late?"

Dunn: "Why, sir, I come from Saanich."

We propose moving to that great and grand district, the inhabitants of which (according to Dunn) must be recognized by even such an institution as the V. H. S.

Mr. S——: (In literature room). "Now this is the tragic death scene. Let's see you put some life in it."

We hear that when Anthony kissed Miss ——— on the chin, she cried, "Heavens above!"

Our Various Wants

By Carey: A "You-Can't-Help-Sleeping" feather mattress for Room 18.

By Anderson: A teacher who will give us at least four hours of home-work per night.

By Anthony: Something new to argue about.

By Dunn: Elevator service to the physics lecture room.

By Patrick: A machine that will turn out French exercises neatly and correctly done.

McCallum proposes that our president visit the School Board office with a demand for different hourse. He suggests from 12 to 1, with an hour off for lunch. We would be satisfied, however, with a six months' holiday twice a year.

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We hear that a great number of pupils in the French schools are studying the English language. A brilliant member of our class suggests that we wait until our French brothers grow older, then talk to them in English.

PRELIM B

We are wondering what came over Mary A. the other day? She forgot to express her personal opinion.

Who gave Horner the mumps? We miss his flow of chatter.

Teacher: "John, name an organ of the body."

John: "The teeth."

Teacher: What kind of an organ are they?"

John: "A **grind** organ!"

All the girls have tried smiling at Willie, but he is too bashful(?) to return the compliment.

PRELIM D

Young Archie is skilled in all musical lore,
He can strike the piano with vim:
And to be a jazz-artist, as everyone knows
Is a matter of conscience with him.
At jitney dances oft he played
His duty there ne'er paled—
But when exams had come and gone,
He found that he had failed.
So fellow students listen
To what I have to say;
Duty before pleasure,
Work before play.

(Without prejudice.) ON LOOKER—(Prelim "D")

DIVISION 18

Muston worked off a good one the other day in "Ancient Mariner." He asked the teacher if they brewed white beer in the Antarctic Circle. Upon being asked why, he answered, "Because it says, Whiles all the night, through fog smoke white, glimmered the white moonshine."

Our budding artists are energetically making designs for the cover. Who will win success?

PRELIM G

Green was heard to remark that a friend of hers was going to take up dentistry but found it too boring.

When we enter room ——— we all turn over and go to sleep while Miss Grogan answers the questions, she knows all we could teach the teacher, so why stay awake?

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Mrs. ———— to Eleanor, who is sliding away down inher desk: "I don't see much of you these days Miss Dinsdale."

A terrible accident occurred in room 29 the other day, the teacher ran over the problem.

PRELIM H

FOUND—A new truth, axiom 13.

Things which are double of each other are greater than anything else.

We were of the opinion that vanity was only attributed to girls but all agreed in the negative when **Basso** was caught admiring his fair visage in a small hand mirror. Perhaps rouge and powder were safely stowed away in a side pocket.

Miss McLeod, the class poetess, has written a touching poem entitled "Geometry," which we hope to see in print shortly.

DIVISION 26

Say! There's likely to be a disaster;
'Tis decreed by our worthy Maths. master,
That his class must proceed somewhat faster.
If you're sluggish in "Algy" or backward in "Rith,"
Take care all "Prelims," youll sure get a b'iff
And request to tarry some, after.

Mr. Richards: "If a boy was in a swimming tank and he went to the bottom, where would you look for him?"

Coddington (soberly): "At the undertaker's, sir."

DIVISION 27

Wilson is a funny chap to whom
The teachers love to say:
"Report to me at three-fifteen
After school today."

Sallaway (buying a chicken): "I want to buy a chicken."

Merchant: "Do you want a pullet?"

Sallaway: "No, sir, I'll carry it."

Information Wanted: Why does C. Coulter go to church and Sunday School now on Sundays? What is the attraction?

Why are the seats in Room 34 all loose?

Why did L. Butler come to school with a new suit on the other afternoon?

DIVISION 29

When Freddy first came to our room,
He gazed with looks of vex,
And turned with query to his friend,
"Where are the fairer sex?"

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Fred Smith, our arithmetic wonder, has also quite a talent for French. He found a slip of paper on his desk one day, on which was written, "Mon oncle alloit a la campagne." His translation ran thus: "My uncle drank all the booze."

Quite an inherited talent, Fred.

* * * * *

A rush, a hasty step, a slam, and Bill Otto slides into his seat with a sigh, but also with a smile, and why not? wonder of all wonders, Bill is in one half a minute before the bell this morning.

COMMERCIAL C—DIVISION 30

"Don't you wish you were a bird, Barker, and could fly away up in the sky?" mused little Miss Martin, dreamily.

"Naw," scorned Barker, "I'd rather be an elephant and squirt water through my nose."

* * * * *

Mr. Hamilton, Commercial C.—"All those who didn't bring their reports must stay in until they bring them."

* * * * *

Mary: "My! Dorothy is ill-mannered. The other day when out at lunch she knocked all the peas off my knife with one jog of her elbow."

* * * * *

One, two, three, who are we?
We are the girls of Commercial C!
Talk about your precious pearls,
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* * * * *

The teacher had written 7694.325 on the board, and to show the egect of multiplying by 1000, he rubbed out the decimal point, then he turned to the class, and said:

"Now, Miss Dodd, where is the decimal point?"

"On the brush, sir." was the immediate answer.

* * * * *

Teacher marking the register—"Hands up all those who were here this morning, and are not here this afternoon."

* * * * *

Tourist: "I've come three thousand miles to see your beautiful sunset."

Miss Zarelli: "Somebody's been stringing you; it ain't mine."

* * * * *

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